

POLICE BLAMED BY ROOSEVELT

Trial of Accused Officers Reveals Fact that President Was Angry When Alleged Crank Was Allowed to Pass.

Called Commissioner Greene to Account.

Inspector Walsh Declares that W. Emlin Roosevelt Was Responsible for the Mix-Up at Gracie Funeral.

At the trial of Police Captain Cottrell, three detective sergeants and two policemen, who are charged with neglect of duty at the funeral of Mr. Gracie, on Nov. 27, when A. B. Deming, an alleged crank, was allowed to set to President Roosevelt, it was brought out today that the President was greatly displeased at the presence of Deming and turned to Commissioner of Police Greene and asked with some show of heat:

"How is it possible for a man to deliver a letter to me in this way?"

It was brought out at the trial also that Mrs. Roosevelt identified Deming as the man who had approached her husband. She had pointed him out to Police Inspector Brooks and asked that he be arrested.

The trial of the accused Captain, Cottrell, sergeants and policemen was Deputy Commissioner of Police Greene. The charges were preferred by Deputy Commissioner Davis, who had been instructed to make them by Commissioner Greene.

The trial room at Police Headquarters was crowded with witnesses when the trial began. The first witness was Inspector Brooks. He told how the complete police arrangements had been made and how it would have been impossible for Deming or any one else without a ticket to enter the church. He also made one remarkable revelation which may call for further investigation.

"When we were making arrangements," said the Inspector, "it was decided that Mr. Roosevelt should leave the church from the parsonage. No one knew this except Inspector Walsh, the Rev. Dr. Motter and myself. Mr. W. Emlin Roosevelt was there to identify persons who wanted to enter from that door, but I don't know that he knew how the President was to leave. I have not been told yet how Deming learned that the President was to leave the church by that door. No one else knew and to keep the crowds back we had the mounted police make a move down the street as though they expected to meet the President in front of the church."

Identified Those Who Entered.

W. Emlin Roosevelt was the next witness. He said that he had been asked to come to the funeral and identify persons as they walked into the church. He said that he believed when he first saw the inspectors of Police the first arrangements were perfect.

Woman Admitted Deming.

Miss Skolberg, who admitted Deming, said that the old man came to her and rang the bell.

"I told him he couldn't come in, the witness said, but he had been asked to go to that door by the sexton; that he had an important letter for the President. I then gave him the paper and took, and later, when Mr. Roosevelt was leaving the church proper and was coming toward the parsonage door to go to the street, I looked in the room where the President came and said: 'Here is the President coming. Let him in.'"

President Roosevelt did not appear against Arthur B. Deming when Assistant Corporation Counsel Cowie made formal motion before Supreme Court Justice Fitzgerald for the commitment of the old man to the Manhattan State Hospital as "lunatic to-day."

Inasmuch as Mrs. Packard and Grey, of the Bellevue insane hospital, had been discharged, Justice Fitzgerald discharged Deming in the custody of a dozen waiting friends, first exacting a surety company's bond of \$500 for his good behavior.

LIVED 2 DAYS WITH BULLETS IN HEART

Marvellous Vitality of Italian Shot Twice by Saloon-Keeper Apparently Did Not Suffer.

County Physician McKenzie, of Newark, after performing an autopsy on the body of Luigi Rossumanno, of No. 22 Boyden street, Newark, where he died on Sunday after having lived for two days with two bullets in his heart, said today that he considered the vitality of the Italian little short of miraculous.

Rossumanno, who was shot in a saloon on Sunday night, was found with two bullets in his heart and two left arms buried in the tissues of his vital organ. He went to bed, and, according to his wife, slept comfortably.

The wounds over his heart were tiny punctures and did not bleed. Mrs. Rossumanno declares that his breathing was regular and that after a good sleep he seemed to be refreshed. He would not get up, however, and complained of feeling extreme fatigue. He talked brightly, and as he did not seem to be suffering, a doctor was not summoned.

He slept again Sunday night and again awoke and talked with his wife. At the end of forty-eight hours, however, he died with a gasp.

Dr. McKenzie said today that the man should not have lived two seconds after the shooting. The bullets had torn deep gashes into the heart, the nearest scratch of which should have been instantly fatal. The physician asserts that it is the first case of the kind he has ever known.

Frank Curran, a saloon-keeper, of No. 3 Garfield street, has been arrested charged with Rossumanno's murder.

NO HARM TO ROB, THIS GIRL SAYS

Amelia Sutterlein, Only 17, Confesses that She Takes Articles She Likes, but Insists that She Is Not a Criminal.

ROBBED ROOM WHERE WOMAN LAY DEAD.

She Cannot Stand a Conventional Existence and Likes the Wild, Unfettered Life of the Fields and Woods.

What is the mystery of pretty Amelia Sutterlein, of Plainfield? Inmates of the Elizabeth County Jail and the jail officials would be relieved to have the weird personality of their latest woman prisoner explained.

By self-confession the seventeen-year-old beauty is a systematic and rascally burglar.

"I'm not a criminal," protested the girl to an Evening World reporter today. "I take things I like. Why is that a crime?"

"I live my own life. Surely I am not as bad as men and women who rob the poor through banks and other institutions."

Amelia Sutterlein is an anomaly. Saturday she was taken to the Elizabeth County Jail for giving the officers of the law a wide and varied chase. Since being confined in jail she has kept an unbroken silence. She will not talk to the other women confined there, and even the evident friendliness of the rustic deputy warden fails to make the young woman talk.

Robbed House of Death.

Where the superstitious feared to go she entered. Her love for burglary took her into the very room where Mrs. Warner, of Plainfield, lay dead. Articles of wearing apparel were appropriated, and the crime for which she is held for the Grand Jury is that of burglarizing the house of Mrs. Simons, of Elizabeth. In a confession to Chief Kelly the girl told a strange tale of her robbing instinct.

Into the Simons house the girl crept after having removed a pane of glass. With a daring of an experienced man, burglar she ransacked the house, taking among other things, a suit, coat, silver spoons, silver watch and the contents of a child's bank.

Questioned today the girl opened very black eyes which bear the look of a wild and unconquered bird, and said:

"Why not? I have to live. Why should I not have the things I want? I was made with the desire for comforts and pleasure. Why is it a crime for me to get them? My people are poor and I do not like the life of a poor girl."

He lived in the woods and I love to rove about without restraint.

She Hates Men.

"I want freedom, and because I do not live up to the laws some men have made they put me in jail."

"I hate men. They would not have caught me if I had not been so tired."

When the Simons house was burglarized there was not the least sign of the identity of the robber. Chief Kelly said she remembered the recent confession of Amelia Sutterlein in regard to stealing a skirt from a Mrs. Furey.

For two weeks the girl eluded the police.

"I gave them a fine chase," said the girl. "They never thought to look for me in the woods."

Sleeping at night under the open sky the girl said she enjoyed herself more than in bed at home. She declares she knows the language of birds and animals, and is herself like a wild thing.

Her big eyes, which mirror the most violent and ungovernable passions, become soft when an animal is near. Even old Dewey, the Elizabeth jail dog, loves her, and he is the only one in the prison to whom she will talk.

The crime of burglary was fastened on Amelia through the finding of the stolen goods in the home of a friend, where she said she left them.

The child of quiet, plain German parents, the strange girl burglar is a study for criminologists. She confessed to having no love for home or its conventions, in appearance she does not show her Teutonic ancestry. Of olive skin, coal black hair and wonderful black eyes she looks like a Roman girl.

In regard to stealing she says she does not feel as if it were a crime.

Says It's Fun to Steal.

"I only do what other people do," she said. "Stealing is fun to steal; so what is the harm? I hurt no one. I would not even kill an ant. It was fun to throw a stone at the window and break it, and it is fun getting into dark places, where other people are afraid."

The officials of the Elizabeth jail say they never housed such a queer character.

The girl has all of the instincts of a child of the forest. She says that she runs through her veins. Out in the woods she feels safe and happy. She cooked herself a dinner.

The girl says she does not understand why her sister, Pauline, for whom she has a sort of affection can stand to live in a prison.

"My people are good folks," she says. "But they work and live stupid lives. I am not like them. I have but one life to live, and I intend to do with it what I wish."

SECOND AVE. LINE CHANGED.

Hereafter Surface Cars Will Run Down Park Row.

Beginning with today the route of the Second avenue surface cars will be changed and they will no longer reach the Post-Office and the bridge through Centre street.

The cars will run late Chryslie street from Second avenue and thence to Grand street, across Grand street to the Bowery and down the Bowery to Park Row and to the Post-Office. The return will be through the Bowery, switching into Stuyvesant place and Second avenue.

MISS AMELIA SUTTERLEIN, THE PRETTY GIRL BURGLAR, WHO THINKS IT GREAT FUN TO ROB HOUSES.



SHE OBJECTS TO TELEPHONE POLES

Mrs. Dunieff Sat in a Chair in Excavation in Front of Her Property and Held the Fort Until She Fainted.

Mrs. Jennie Dunieff, who planted a chair in a half dug telephone hole yesterday and held linemen, police reserves and ambulance surgeons at bay in a single-handed attempt to prevent the telephone company from planting a pole on her property, lies ill at her home, No. 133 Pitkin avenue, East New York, today.

Mrs. Dunieff, a young and comely woman of twenty-seven, beside owning of Nos. 133 and 135 Pitkin avenue, and is regarded as the wealthiest resident within many blocks of the Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn.

Telephone poles are the horror of Mrs. Dunieff's life, and such is her aversion to telephone and telegraph companies that any attempt to send her a message that any pole be planted on her property is fraught with disastrous results.

Her objections to telephone poles are so well known that no attempt has been made to overcome them. Poles are now around and beyond Nos. 133, 134 and 132 Pitkin avenue, but the premises belonging to Mrs. Dunieff were till yesterday afternoon still poleless and triumphant.

Telephone Company Won.

But yesterday Mrs. Dunieff and the telephone company met and the telephone company conquered. In the rear of No. 133 Pitkin avenue a lanky and obstreperous telephone pole rears its head, while the chestnut locks of the woman who defied the telephone workers are still streaming over her head.

Lying in state today the young woman who threw first a chair and then a fit across the street and then a fit at planting a pole on her property, told an Evening World reporter all about it. The telephone pole is planted at the extreme end of Mrs. Dunieff's lot and the adjacent lot of Mrs. Dunieff's sister, Mrs. Johnnie Dunieff.

She is a stout, unattractive and harmless pole, which shrinks against the sun as far from Mrs. Dunieff as possible, and even in the hour of victory wears its honors modestly.

Abhors Telephone Poles.

"I do not want telephone poles on my property," she said. "I will not have them. They injure the property. Last June a tenant came to my house and told me there was a man on the roof putting telephone wires. I went over and told him to get off the roof. He said he had ten minutes to take them down. He took them away, and I thought I would have no more trouble."

"But yesterday I was looking out the window when I saw some men come with a telephone pole and begin to dig a hole by my house at No. 133."

"I called out to them and told them to get off my property. They said they had to plant a pole on my property. Then I begged him to wait twenty-four hours. I told him that I thought he had no right to pace the pole without my consent, but if I found out he had, I would let him plant it the next day."

"He laughed again. Then I stood over where they were digging and they dared not touch me. All the neighbors came around. In ten minutes there were nearly a thousand people in the street. While I stood over the hole they talked to the men himself, for he knew they would not dare to fight me, a woman."

"But after a while the police came and found me sitting over the hole. They tried to move me and one of them shoved me in the side. Then I fainted and they took advantage of it and planted the pole. They took me, chair and all, into the patrol wagon."

"They had sent for the ambulance, but the ambulance was not here. What do they know?"

"At the station they held me on a charge of disorderly conduct and my husband gave bail for me."

"While I was in a faint they planted the pole. But when I got up I will cut it down. Yes, I will. It is my right. And I will cut the city for false arrest. And the policeman who did me in."

DEAF DEFENDANT MAKES JUDGE YELL

Mrs. Engelhardt, Accused of Wanting to Swap Husbands with Mrs. Seltzer, Fails to Hear Charges Against Her.

DEAF DEFENDANT MAKES JUDGE YELL

Mrs. Engelhardt, Accused of Wanting to Swap Husbands with Mrs. Seltzer, Fails to Hear Charges Against Her.

The great husband swapping case which has stirred up a seething cauldron of gossip in Pickville, an exclusive balliwick of Greenpoint, came up for final judicial decision in the Eastern Police Court this afternoon. Mrs. Bertha Seltzer, a sparkling little woman with flashing black eyes and rosy cheeks, again told her story of the alleged attempt of Mrs. Mamie Engelhardt, her near neighbor to persuade her to trade her beloved spouse for the unlabeled Mr. Engelhardt.

Mrs. Engelhardt, who appeared to defend herself, did not hear much of her accuser's story, as she is very deaf. It was only when Magistrate O'Reilly, as delicately as possible, endeavored to translate in stenographic notes the charges of little Mrs. Seltzer that the defendant showed animation.

All the time Mrs. Engelhardt was talking, Mrs. Engelhardt vainly endeavored to get her best ear (the left one) within range of her accuser's spirited tones. Failing, she contented herself with sudden guttural exclamations of "I don't!" "I didn't!" and "I didn't!"

"The plaintiff says," he shouted, "that you wanted to swap husbands with Mrs. Engelhardt, and that you were going to swap your husband for the husband of Mrs. Engelhardt."

"I never said her husband," replied Mrs. Engelhardt, indignantly. "I never laid my hand on him," replied the defendant, tossing her head. "Exchange!" almost roared the Judge.

"I ain't afraid of her or her whole family," shouted Mrs. Engelhardt, waving a defiant fist in the direction of Mrs. Seltzer. The Magistrate was almost purple with rage. Mrs. Seltzer was almost purple with rage. Mrs. Seltzer was almost purple with rage.

The deaf woman promised, after scornfully referring to Mr. Seltzer as an alleged fascination, and the case was disposed of.

HER GOWN A MISFIT DECLARES JUDGE

Justice Roesch Requests Fair Defendant to Don the Dress Which She Says Doesn't Fit Her Perfectly.

Justice Roesch, of the famous "poor man's court," on the East Side, said in judgment today on the fit of a tailor-made gown, and will make a second inspection to-morrow.

Clara Engelke, of No. 151 West Eighty-fourth street, whose defense to the suit was that the sleeves were too long, the waist part too tight across the bust and far too wide about the hips, promptly accepted Justice Roesch's invitation to step into his private room and don the disputed costume.

When she returned Justice Roesch declared sternly that the skirt was too long. It was too tight under the arms and the costume a bad fit in the other particulars.

It was by two buttons, the result of strenuous efforts to button it across the bust.

"But," protested Paul Minch, the ladies' tailor who had made the suit for \$45, received \$11 and then had to sue for the rest. "We make a suit to fit perfectly and then the lady tries to get out of it. I am a different shaped corset or lets out her corsets, and then, of course, the gown does not fit."

"I appeal to you, Miss Morrison; is it not so?"

Mrs. Lillian Morrison, of No. 108 West Nineteenth street, a dressmaker, called to testify as an expert by Mrs. Engelke, admitted that a lady might adjust her corsets so as to make a dress fit or not.

Justice Roesch asked Mrs. Engelke if she would accept and pay for the tailor-made costume if it were made to fit, and on her declaration that she would he adjourned the trial until to-morrow.

Meantime Minch will let out the waist seams, shorten the sleeves, cut a little larger armholes, shorten the skirt and make it more snug about the hips, and to-morrow Mrs. Engelke, with the assistance of Mrs. Morrison, will "get into the black broadcloth affair" in Justice Roesch's room and wage again the witness oedipal war which will let him to decide either for the plaintiff or the defendant.

WOMAN SHOT BY HER SISTER IN QUARREL

Victim Fell in the Doorway of Her Home with Two Wounds That May Cause Death—X-Rays Locate Bullets.

WOMAN SHOT BY HER SISTER IN QUARREL

Victim Fell in the Doorway of Her Home with Two Wounds That May Cause Death—X-Rays Locate Bullets.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., Dec. 1.—Mrs. Emma Miller was shot and perhaps fatally wounded today at her home in Glens Falls by her sister, Mary Montgomery.

The two had quarrelled and Mrs. Miller was leaving the house as she was shot, the bullets taking effect in the right arm and shoulder.

The injured woman was taken to the hospital during the afternoon, where the bullets were located by means of the X-rays.

Mrs. Miller recently came to Glens Falls from Sharpsville, Pa.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

KIDNAPPED GIRL FOUND IN ALTOONA

Police Await Orders to Arrest Man Who Took Pretty Catherine Loebello from Portchester Yesterday.

ALTOONA, Pa., Dec. 1.—Catherine Loebello, a pretty orphan girl fourteen years old, who was kidnapped from her home in Portchester yesterday, has been found here.

She is held captive by the man who kidnapped her. He is being closely watched and the Altoona police are only awaiting orders from New York before arresting him.

The man who is believed to have brought her here after kidnapping her is a resident of this city. He has not appeared at his own home since bringing the girl here, but his whereabouts are known to the police and he cannot escape.

Trace of the girl was first found in Philadelphia. She was seen there in company with this man. Word was at once sent to the Portchester authorities and they wired back for the Philadelphia police to arrest the man.

He had undoubtedly found out that he was being watched, however, for he fled with the girl before the Philadelphia police received the answer from Portchester.

It was learned that he had purchased tickets for Altoona, and the police here were notified to watch for the couple. They were followed from the station by a special officer and the whereabouts of both the girl and the man are now known.

Portchester Police Ask for Arrest of Alleged Kidnapper.

Chief of Police Donovan, of Portchester, today asked the police of Altoona to arrest Dominick Pedullo, who is charged, kidnapped fourteen-year-old Catherine Loebello from her home at No. 134 South Main street, Portchester, and took her to Altoona. It is said the couple intended to get married.

The girl left her father's house at 8 A. M. yesterday, said she was going out for a "bit" and she had not been seen since. A letter found on her bureau, which she had evidently written, gave her parents the information that she was going to run away with Pedullo. It is said they had known each other but a few days, but that the man felt in love with her at first sight. The girl's father, who is a fruit dealer, is nearly frantic over his daughter's disappearance and has offered a reward of \$500 for her return.

The girl left her father's house at 8 A. M. yesterday, said she was going out for a "bit" and she had not been seen since. A letter found on her bureau, which she had evidently written, gave her parents the information that she was going to run away with Pedullo. It is said they had known each other but a few days, but that the man felt in love with her at first sight. The girl's father, who is a fruit dealer, is nearly frantic over his daughter's disappearance and has offered a reward of \$500 for her return.

"If you find the man," said Chief Donovan, "we will arrest him on a charge of kidnapping and bring him to Portchester for trial. The girl is very small for her age."

WOMAN SHOT BY HER SISTER IN QUARREL

Victim Fell in the Doorway of Her Home with Two Wounds That May Cause Death—X-Rays Locate Bullets.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., Dec. 1.—Mrs. Emma Miller was shot and perhaps fatally wounded today at her home in Glens Falls by her sister, Mary Montgomery.

The two had quarrelled and Mrs. Miller was leaving the house as she was shot, the bullets taking effect in the right arm and shoulder.

The injured woman was taken to the hospital during the afternoon, where the bullets were located by means of the X-rays.

Mrs. Miller recently came to Glens Falls from Sharpsville, Pa.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW IT

To Prove what Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney Remedy Will Do for YOU, Every Reader of "The Evening World" May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.



To Prove what Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney Remedy Will Do for YOU, Every Reader of "The Evening World" May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease; therefore, when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, fatal results are sure to follow.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys most, because they do most and need attention first.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys begin to get better they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince any one.

The mild and immediate effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Swamp-Root will set your whole system right, and the best proof of this is a trial.

14 East 120th St., New York City.

Dear Sir, I had been suffering severely from kidney trouble. All symptoms were on hand; my former strength and power had left me; I could hardly draw myself alone. Even my mental capacity was giving out and often I wished to die. It was then I saw an advertisement of yours in a New York paper, but would not have paid any attention to it had it not promised a sworn guarantee with every bottle of your medicine. I have now taken Swamp-Root for several weeks and I feel like a new man. I am now able to do my work and I feel like a new man. I am now able to do my work and I feel like a new man.

Very truly yours, ROBERT BENDER